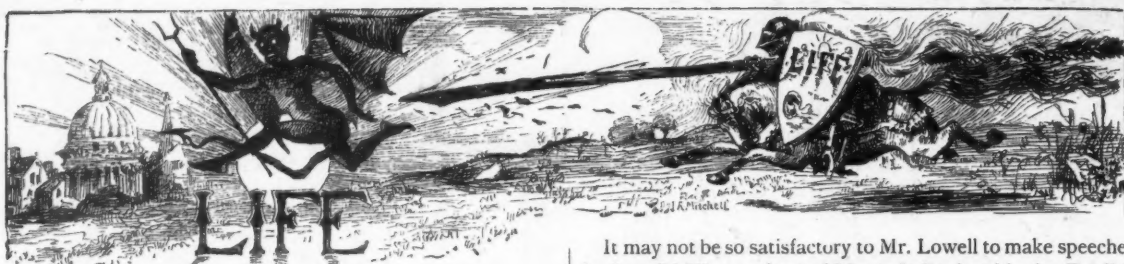




A COLORABLE CASE.

The Widow (three years) Larmier: ATTICUS, I—ER—INTEND TO LIGHTEN MY MOURNING AFTER LENT, AND I'M AFRAID YOUR COLOR IS A LITTLE *too* DARK FOR THE—ER—CIRCUMSTANCES. So, IF YOU KNOW OF ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR RACE SEVERAL SHADES *lighter*, I THINK YOU COULD GET A PLACE WITH POOR DEAR MRS. LIGHT-FOOT, WHO HAS JUST LOST MR. L.; SO WE CAN ALL BE NICELY ACCOMMODATED.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 10, 1887. No. 219.

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IT looks as if Boston thought better of Mike Kelly than Chicago does of James Russell Lowell. Mr. Lowell went out to Chicago to make a speech on George Washington's day. It seems that he had intended to discourse on American politics, but, upon mature reflection, changed his mind, and read to his auditors an essay on the authorship of "Richard III." His reason for doing so is rather vague. He had some sort of compunction, which he explained, but it is a question in some minds whether the scholarly Bostonian did not reflect that the Chicago people were an impulsive set, and piqued moreover at the loss of Kelly, and that they were liable to make short work of an orator who spoke counter to their political prejudices. Perhaps Mr. Lowell feared that his remarks would be taken to reflect on Carter Harrison, and that he would be hanged to the nearest lamp-post. Perhaps he had planned a criticism on Mr. Blaine or a defense of his Mr. Hayes, and thought better of it at the last moment. At any rate, he changed his mind and his subject, and took up with Richard III., who is dead a long time and quite out of Chicago politics.

Here in New York, it is believed that at the beginning of Mr. Lowell's remarks, his audience were not aware whether Shakespeare wrote "Richard III.," or Richard III. wrote Shakespeare. Nor is it believed that they cared a hoot from St. Louis which wrote the other. Most of Chicago's information about Shakespeare comes from Ignatius Donnelly, who is figuring out that he was merely a shadow of Lord Bacon. Accordingly, that Mr. Lowell was heard through and allowed to go in peace, is a token of much forbearance on Chicago's part, and must be taken as a sign that she is climbing into the upper levels of civilization.

When Mr. Lowell had dined with the Harvard Club that same Washington's Day evening, seeing himself among men in whose enlightenment he had confidence, he let himself out, and said much that was edifying, and in particular thumped the corner-grocery politicians very heartily and shook the mantle of Edmund Burke in their faces. We believe he got safely home to Boston, which is well.

It may not be so satisfactory to Mr. Lowell to make speeches in the wild West as it would be to hobnob with the English nobility. But it is a great deal more satisfactory to us. We admire to see him enlighten his countrymen, even if the effete monarchies have to lie in the shadow while he is at it.

* * *

IT will please everybody to hear that the *Mayflower* sloop, of Boston, is going to England to sail for the Queen's Cup and such other mugs as she has a chance at. Mr. Burgess is going with her, and all good Americans will take a lively interest in their record. John Sullivan's arm is well again. Why not send him over, too!

* * *

NOW and then the patient and deserving poor get some special solace for their pains. A car-load of excursionists are wrecked on a railroad, a yacht sinks, or an epidemic breaks out at a fashionable watering-place, and the rich who have gone pleasuring for their health's good suffer. Just now, we poor are hugging ourselves by the armful to think we were not shaken out of our beds at Nice, or anywhere along the Riviera. The Charleston earthquake, which has been the seismic sensation all winter, now takes one of the rear benches. It was a good earthquake for a young country, but it has been beaten.

* * *

AFTER all, Sir Charles Dilke will never do to put in a Sunday-school book. No sooner is he polished off and put on the shelf with a suitable moral on his door-plate, than he has a new stroke of good luck. His new fortune of half a million dollars does not restore his character, but it is doubtless a solace as far as it goes. Certainly it is not a proper reward for a person of his iniquities.

* * *

GOVERNOR LOUNSBURY, of Connecticut, does not allow the members of his staff to drink anything more potent than pink lemonade. If he catches any one of them taking aught that is spirituous, he rebukes him and has him promptly pumped out. He allows them to go to parties, to wear a uniform and be colonels, but in the matter of intoxicants he is inflexible. We recommend Governor Lounsbury to come to New York and go to school a term to Dr. Crosby. He can put his staff in the good doctor's infant class.

* * *

NEWSPAPER correspondents along the Atlantic coast who are at work on their summer stories are warned that Mr. Theodore Gill has demonstrated in the *Forum* that there is no reasonable ground for belief in the sea-serpent. Hereafter the sea-snake must be caught to be believed.



THIS MORNING.

ON the old gray terrace where we had parted,
With vows, and pledges, and many a sigh,
Where the sunlight slept and the swallows darted,
I met her—my sweetheart of days gone by.

'Twas the ghost of a curtsy, silken, stately,
That she dropped as she passed, and turned from me
To the grand Milord she has wedded lately,
The gouty, tyrannical, rich Marquis.

But I smiled to myself in cynic fashion,
As I watched the bloom on her proud cheek fade,
And the stir of a long-forgotten passion
That fluttered her bodice of gold brocade.

Oh, the fickle world! . . . All the boughs are budded,
There are flocks of sails on the glancing sea,
And my heart with an April joy is flooded,
Though Dolly is married, and not to me! *M. E. W.*



TO GILBERT & SULLIVAN.

YOUR latest operatic freak,
Ye gents of "Ruddygore,"
To use your native idiom,
Is a bloody bore.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has been trying to prove that Shakespeare did not write "Richard III." The ex-Minister to England probably wants to saddle it off on Julian Hawthorne, but he can't convince us.

JAKE SHARP believes in the old scriptural intimation that it's a Broadway that leadeth to destruction.

SARAH BERNHARDT lives in a constant state of terror, owing to her fear that the elements may make a mistake some day and strike her for a lightning rod.

SECRETARY ENDICOTT wears a military band around his hat.

CARTER HARRISON, whose motto is "Pro bono Publico," intends retiring to private life. If he does, it will be the Probonest thing the Mayor has yet done for the Publico.

THE Trade Dollar Bill has passed. This is not remarkable. Any kind of a dollar bill will pass in the House of Representatives.

IT is said that Mr. Frank R. Stockton writes his funniest stories when suffering from neuralgia. What a tremendous sufferer Mr. Stockton must be!

NO, Gladys, Irish serving maids do not all come from Biddeford any more than French waiters come from Tip-perary.

DURING her approaching visit to the Continent, Queen Victoria will be known as the Countess Balmoral.

The Prince will probably be known as the Marquis of Badmorals.

PROFESSOR HUGHES says a silk ribbon is a better lightning conductor than a metallic rod.

If this is true, there is hardly a chair in a fashionable house that is not absolutely safe from lightning.

THE peace that both Germany and France are so anxious to preserve is a piece of territory known as Alsace and Lorraine.

A PROHIBITIONIST speaker in Jersey City, last week, was so overcome by his bottle of tea, that he kept referring to "Old Hickory" as "Old Chestnut."

THIS is the season when the Episcopalian tries real hard to be a Christian, and eschews tobacco before breakfast, by way of penance.

PROVERBS FOR THE MILLION.

A KNOB will turn.

It's a short lane that doesn't go far.

HE who runs may read; but he who spends most of his time reading finds running a laborious exercise.

NOTORIETY is the thief of fame.

THE wages of sin is death, and pay-day is sure to come sooner or later.

IN honor of the paragraphers who have largely contributed to her fame, the distinguished New York amateur actress will hereafter write her name, Mrs. James Brown Trotter.

LOOKS LIKE AN OLD ONE, BUT IT'S NEW.

"SAY, Jones, lend me your umbrella, will you?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"It's—borrowed."

IT is unfit that Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, should be denounced any longer as a chicken fancier. The *World* says: "Allan G. Thurman has the best assortment of chickens in his neighborhood, and takes good care of them."

MR. HEWITT is barely on his legs again, and not yet able to go out, but he seems to get there notwithstanding. By dint of the kind offices of Chairman Lee, his short letter to the Brooklyn Democratic Club has made more stir than Governor Hill's long and able Jeffersonian address.

CONGRATULATIONS.

MAY we offer our congratulations to our esteemed colored contemporary *Puck*, upon having reached the august age of ten years?

Puck, we toast thee! Like the ballet girl—

"Age cannot wither thee, nor custom stale
Thine infinite variety."

May you live long and prosper, thou that hast reached thy decade without decadence; who, to use a Homeric phrase, dost yank the bun and e'en the Bunner, and whose cartoons are most tuneful in their harmony of tint.

"LIFE'S" CANOE EXPEDITION TO PIKE'S PEAK.

REALIZING the importance of Discovery as an element of Journalistic success, the Proprietors of LIFE, at great expense, dispatched an Exploring Expedition to the Wild West, under the command of Captain Blizzard Blazier, the eminent discoverer. The discovery of America by Columbus and of New Orleans by Benjamin F. Butler were great achievements in their day, but were more the result of fortuitous circumstance than of scientific calculation. LIFE believes in the theory that it requires greater genius to sail in a canoe directly from our great metropolis to the topmost tip of Popocatepetl, than it does to drift around an ocean until one's vessel runs against a continent, or flop about at the head of an army until the fabulous treasures of New Orleans dining-rooms loom up with dazzling brilliancy on the horizon. One is luck, the other is a matter of business. For this reason Captain Blazier was instructed to discover, if possible, some geographical object that people knew about, and Pike's Peak being of considerable general interest, owing to the amount of weather discovered by the Single Service officer who dwells in lonely state thereon, was chosen. It need hardly be said that the expedition was an enormous success, and that Captain Blazier now holds the championship belt for the light-weight Discoverer-ship, having made the discovery of the Peak in some years less time than it took the original Pike.

As usual the Captain has prepared his reminiscences of the trip—not from any motives of self-glorification, but from a desire to add to the world's sum of knowledge. The feat of crossing the continent in a canoe is a great one, not second to that of sailing over the Pacific on a bicycle, as we believe Mr. Stevens has recently done, and we feel that the following illustrated extracts from the Captain's graphic narrative are fully worthy of the space they occupy.

CAPTAIN BLAZIER'S GREAT FEAT.

"Even our gallant commander was somewhat disconcerted at the idea of sailing up a cataract, but being a man of infinite resource, he reached down into the cabin of his craft, and much to the surprise of



the party, dragged forth a pair of telegraph pole slippers, donning which he ascended the frozen column of the Hippowatomie Geyser with all the agility of one accustomed to any or all climes."—*Vol. IV, chap. 4.*

THE DISCOVERY.

"The sun was shining brightly on the snow-clad summit as the expedition neared the objective point. The peak first hove in sight at six A. M., but as most of the party were asleep, the Captain postponed the discovery until after breakfast.

"As the clock in the Admiral's canoe struck nine, the explorers glided gently over the small crag that was in the intervening space between them and the signal service building, in which the peak is kept, and the gallant Captain, giving three knocks on the oaken portal, cried out:

"'What ho, within there!'

"'No hoe within here,' came the muffled response; 'we have no garden on this bleak peak.'

"'Well, come out of your concealment. You're discovered.'

"'At last! It is as I feared,' said the voice within, as the door was opened, and the retired Brigadier-General in charge appeared before us.

"'You feared it, eh!' said Blizzard Blazier, drawing himself upward to his full stature; 'and why did you fear it?'

"'Saw it in the New York papers.'

"'Well, trot out your peak,' rejoined the Commander, unfurling the flag which he brought with him, 'and if you have it, bring us a champagne supper for six.'

"'Thus was the discovery made.'—*Vol. XLI., chap. 97.*



THE DISCOVERY.

ON THE EVE OF DISCOVERY.

"We passed the night beneath the spreading branches of a petrified forest, listening to the booming of the canyons in the distance,



LISTENING TO THE BOOMING OF THE CANYONS.

and lulled into gentle slumber by the tuneful song of the coyote."—*Vol. I., chap. 17.*

A COLOSSAL ADVERTISEMENT.

"Among the natural curiosities of the region explored we found a colossal iceberg in the form of a human head with elephant tusks,



securely fastened to the side of the mountain. The commander, who had seen such things before in the course of his travels, manifested no surprise at this discovery, but called our attention to the adamant qualities of the cheek, which he said was unequaled in the history of advertising. With due pomp we christened it "The Greatest Show on Ice," and reluctantly left it to its lonely grandeur."—*Vol. XVI., chap. 43.*

* * *

DISPATCHING NEWS.

"Messengers with full accounts of the discovery were immediately dispatched to LIFE, and the New York daily papers. The trip down the mountain side was exciting to the last degree, and rather wearing upon the constitution, but the survivors express themselves as regarding the expedition as the most fascinating reminiscence of their lives.



"The monotonous run across the prairie was enlivened by several deadly attacks on the part of a Wild West Show on a grand scale, but beyond the loss of one day's rations, and a hot keel which destroyed one vessel and seventeen manuscript volumes of reminiscences, no serious damage was sustained."—*Vol. LV., chap. 110.*

For Sale by all Newsdealers. LX. Volumes. 9romo.

A CURE for poverty—Sinecure.

A SERIOUS CASE.

"DOCTOR," said a Philadelphia patient, "I'm troubled with insomnia, and I want you to do something for me."

"Do you lie awake most of the night?" asked the physician.

"No, I'm all right at night, but I can't get any sleep during the day."

BOOKISHNESS

"THE COMMON CHORD."

HENRY R. ELLIOT, whose successful novel, "The Bassett Claim," will be remembered for having had much to do with the final passage of the Spoliation Claims Bill, has written another pleasing story called "The Common Chord" (Cassell & Co.). The scene of it is the half-quaint, half-philistine neighborhood of old Greenwich village, now known as the Ninth Ward of New York. The borders of this region have been favorite backgrounds for Bunner's stories. He has had a great fondness for the Bohemianism which lurks around Washington Square. Mr. Elliott has, however, gone a little farther west, into the homes which are free from the ills of poverty, but near enough to them to harbor sympathy with wretchedness, and far enough from luxury to be chary of aping it with cheap and gaudy imitations.

THE author happily describes his characters as "ordinary around-the-corner people, whose useful natural lives are pitched in the rich, solid, satisfactory chord of C." The most successful of them, from a literary point of view, are old Mr. Goodkind, his daughter Nellie and Winans. Nellie is a mingling of sunshine and caprice, with a dash of that sound common sense which so often saves foolish American girls from the full penalties of thoughtlessness. Her eccentric old father, with his great collection of scrap-books, his quiet humor and optimism, is a fine example of contented old age, and a lovable failure in life. For we forget in our worship of success how much there is admirable in failure—the chastened spirit, the kindly heart, the ready sympathy with suffering, and the broad charity which judges as one would be judged.

FOR Winans, the disabled veteran who began late the struggle for a living in New York, we had hoped most in this story. There was a pathetic mingling of strength and weakness about his brave effort to break through the bars which the mutilations of battle had placed between him and an active career. In him were the bravery of a soldier and the simplicity of a child. Around him and Nellie the whole interest of the story should have centered. The unfolding of their characters would have furnished a theme as attractive and artistic as that of "The Midge."

And no doubt this has been the author's intention, but we think he has been too often diverted from it by the episodes in which Stockwell, Watson and Flint take conspicuous part. They do not harmonize with the "common chord," but are discordant sharps and flats.

The story, as a whole, is a clean, honest piece of work, never dull, and filled with bright touches of homely sentiment.

A BOUND volume of *Public Opinion* (Washington), which is before us, shows how fully the projectors have carried out their idea of making it a complete and valuable "summary of the press" on important current

topics. The selections have been made with discretion and carefully classified. In a volume, with its complete index, it is a most useful contemporary record of opinion, especially on political questions. *Droch.*

• NEW BOOKS •

SHOPPELL'S MODERN HOUSES, an illustrated Architectural Quarterly. New York: Co-operative Building Plan Association.

Forced Acquaintances. A book for girls, by Edith Robinson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Story of Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Source of the Mississippi. Comprising, I. Letter from Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. II. Report of Hopewell Clarke, Chief of the I. T. B. & Co. Expedition to the Headwaters of the Mississippi, October, 1886. Reprinted from *Science*. New York: Ivison, Blakeman & Co.

IS IT A JOKE?

READERS of the *Century* have been much confused by a History of the United States published serially in that magazine under the somewhat personal title of "Abraham Lincoln." There certainly existed a president of that name, and we believe he is alluded to once or twice in this history; but such a reputation should not be used for advertising purposes. If we remember rightly, the editors of this magazine once announced with some ceremony that a life of Mr. Lincoln was soon to appear in their pages.

Where is it?

WELL PROPORTIONED.

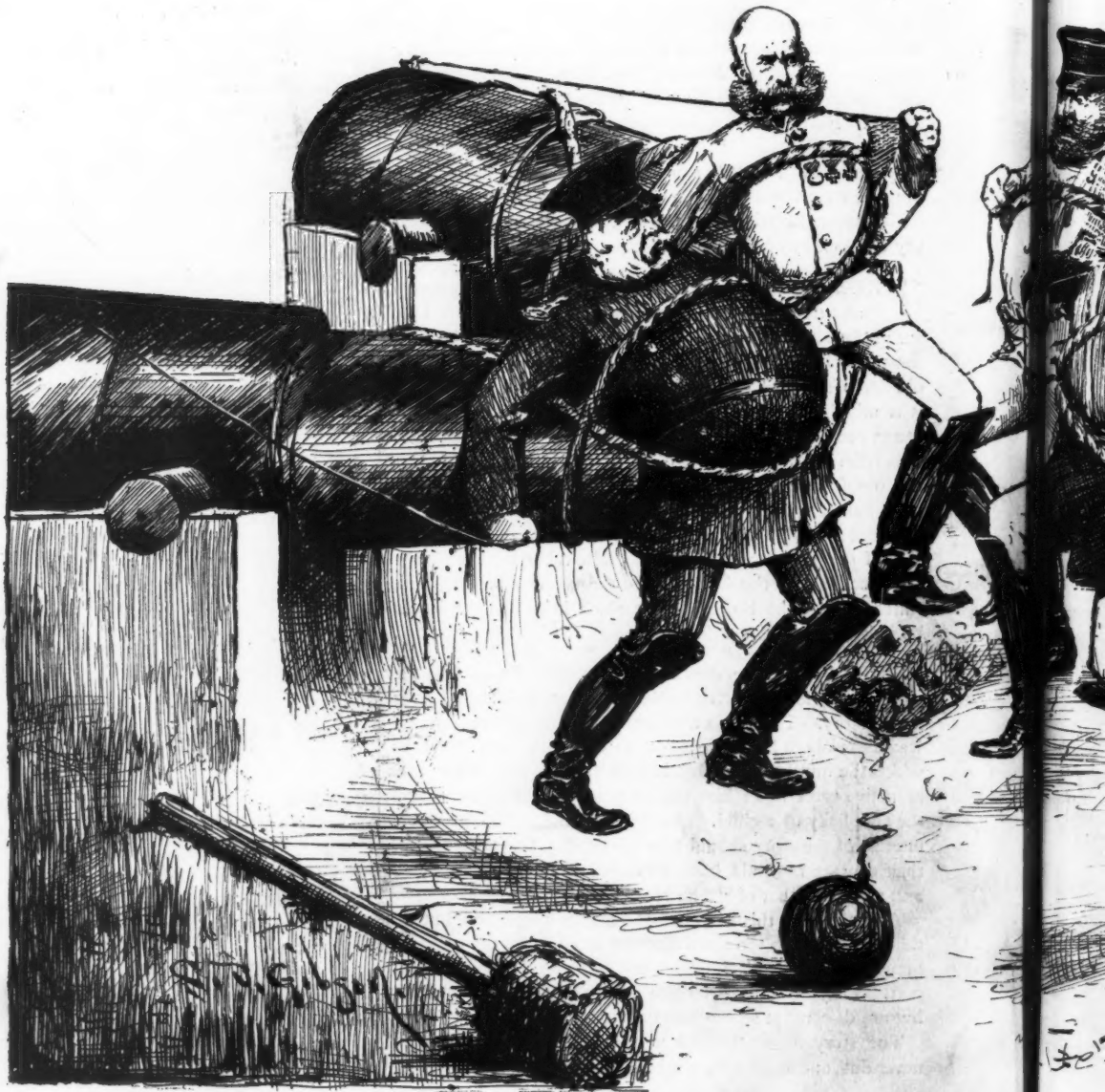
NEW YORK GIRL: The feet of the Statue of Liberty are six feet long!

CHICAGO LADY: Six feet long? Why she must be nearly twenty feet high, then!



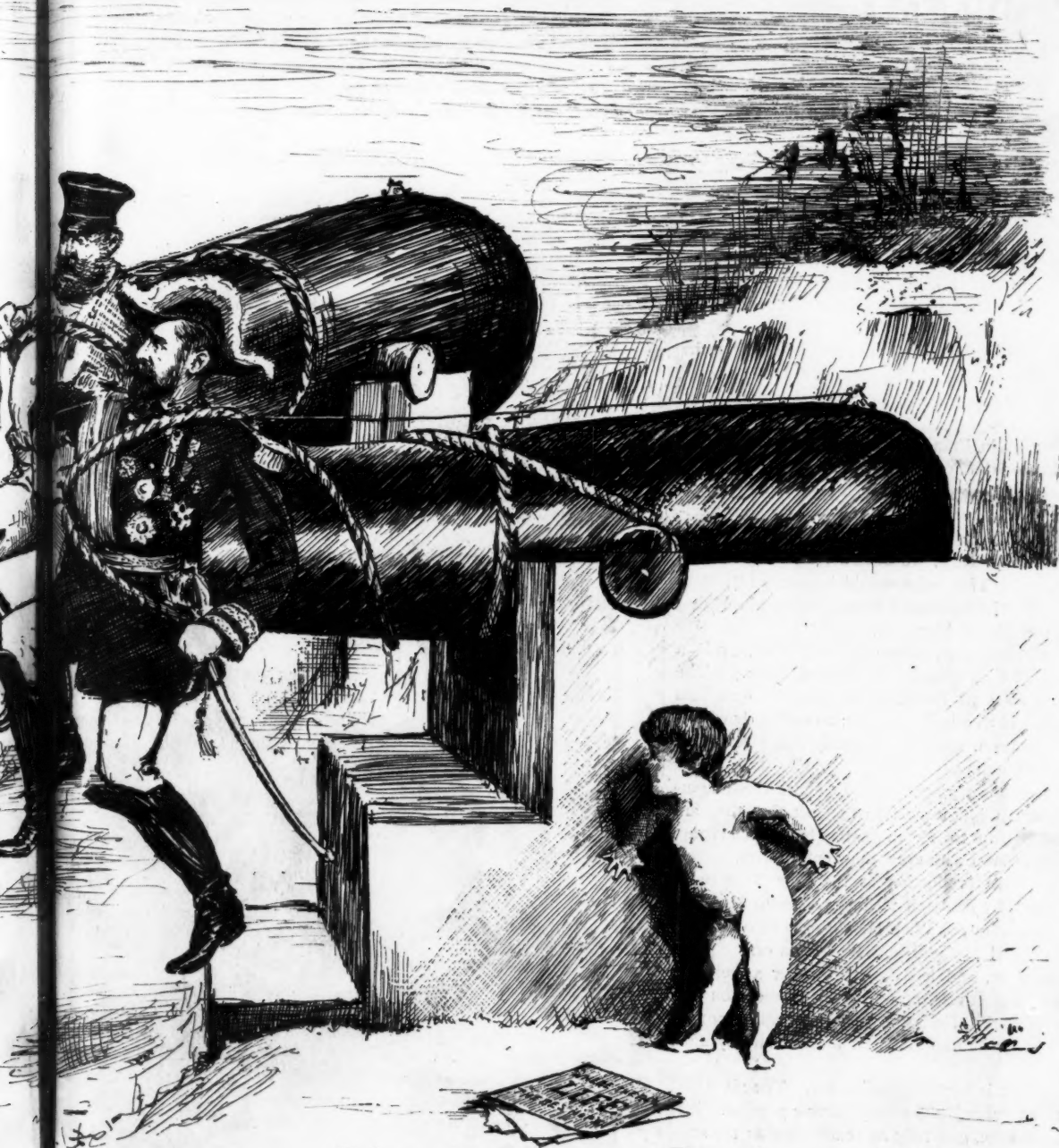
Jane: IT'S TOO BAD, HARRY, YOU HAVE BEEN SO AWFULLY CUT UP.

Harry: OH, IT'S JUST BULLY, JANE, I CAN'T HAVE MY HANDS AND FACE WASHED FOR A WEEK.



WHO OF THE

A LITTLE INVENTION OF OUR PRESER



OF THE BALL?

UR OF PRESERVING THE PEACE OF EUROPE.



ONE of these days a big cry will go up, and an agonized community will declare that the sum of their sufferings is complete, and that henceforth they will have no more of the Court of Louis XIV. as a subject for comic opera. The man has been found, I believe, who can eat eighty consecutive quails in forty consecutive days. And yet the poor, plump quail is no enemy.

Let the energetic curiosity-monger try and discover the man who can consume forty of these modern comic operas in as many consecutive years, and I can promise him a large patronage.

Now "Lorraine" in French must have been very nice. The Court of Louis XIV., of course, became entirely subordinated to what we, in our prudishness, must not understand, though I have not the least doubt in the world that our intelligence in all matters is as great as that of the French.

If we had been in Paris, we should have laughed and enjoyed "Lorraine." The ladies would have cried "shocking!" and laughed; the gentlemen would have jocosely dug one another in the side, and laughed.

The passage across the Atlantic Ocean, however, robs a French opera of all that rendered it amusing abroad. The vastly deep takes away its flavor. It is ready for American production, as insipid as a boiled potato; as recklessly wholesome as roast mutton, and as ruthlessly and relentlessly nourishing as rice-pudding.

All that American managers can do under these lugubrious circumstances is to revel in the fact that they are highly pure, and attempt to enliven matters by a topical song, which is always received with uproarious enthusiasm.

Colonel McCaull's production at the Star Theatre of "Lorraine"—music by Rudolph Dellinger, libretto by Oscar Walther, and adaptation by W. J. Henderson—is, of course, interesting, as Colonel McCaull puts his operas on the stage regardless of expense, and has drawn together a company individually and collectively artistic. Mr. Henderson has done some clever work. He has flavored the boiled potato, injected a dash of garlic into the roast mutton, and syruiped the rice-pudding.

Dellinger's music is tolerably fascinating. The air, "Oh! Sweet Land of Provence," will surely become popular. It is pretty and whistlesome, and fully as sentimental as the song in "Mignon" which describes the land where "*je voudrais vivre, aimer et mourir*," and which the Paris organ-grinders gloat over. Then the love song in the first act, and the duet in the second, are worth listening to and remembering. Miss Soldene sings a kissing song, which is inappropriate, and De Wolf Hopper a topical rigmarole, which seems to please.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, who has studied in Paris, made her first appearance before a Metropolitan public in "Lorraine." She was nervous, as the solemnity of the occasion and the rôle she interpreted fully justified; but, in the language of the non-committal, she made a favorable impression. Mme. Cottrelly is always welcome, and her appearance as captain of the royal pages was no exception to the rule.

Alan Dale.



A SOUVENIR OF THE "WILD WEST."

Tommy: HALLO THERE, YOU OLD BUFFALO! I'VE CAUGHT HIM, FRED! HOORAY!

APPROPRIATE COLORS.

For the bondholder: vermillion.

For the baby: yellor.

For the old maid: blue.

For the dog: Ocur-purple.

For the sailor: écreu.

For the author: red.

For the veteran: scar-let.

A REFORM RECOMMENDATION.

NEW SERVANT: I was two years in me last place, mum.

MISTRESS: Oh, that speaks well for you. Where was it?

NEW SERVANT: In the Reformatory, mum!

A CONTEMPORARY shouts "There are rapids ahead of the Democratic party!" Possibly so, but the "barrel" will take it safely through.

"I HEAR that young Mr. Philkins is quite ill," said Mrs. Joggins.

"Yes, poor fellow," replied Mrs. Snooper, "he leads such a sedimentary life that his health is shattered."

RESTORING THE HIR-SUTE.

PAT: Phwat is that ye are at, Biddy?

BIDDY: Sure it's a bottle of hair-resthorer Oi'm putting on me ould muff.



IMPRESSIONS OF "RUDDYGORE."

A LATER VIEW OF "RUDDYGORE."

FOR those unfortunate beings who have not yet had the pleasure of seeing "Ruddygore," we have portrayed a few of the most remarkable scenes in that production.

The storm of adverse criticism which greeted the first night's performance of the opera, has, in a large measure, subsided. The full conviction of the critics that the piece was hopelessly bad is being set aside by the sober judgment of the masses that it's not so bad after all.

To be sure "Ruddygore" is not the "Mikado" or "Patience," but it is much better than the "Princess Ida" in all respects, and as a musical effort ranks by no means least of Mr. Sullivan's achievements.

The dialogues of Mr. Gilbert are flabbily English in their stupidity, but the "ballades, songs and snatches" are in

almost every instance charmingly written, filled to the brim with surprises, and quite worthy of the pen that produced the "Bab Ballads."

As for the company, it improves with age. Mr. Federici is an exceedingly picturesque-looking corpse, with a voice highly indicative of the tomb wherein its owner is supposed to have lain. The unwelcome part of Miss Forster still retains its unwelcomeness in the first act, but as the little Quaker in the second she is surpassingly charming and sings her patter with all the vim of which she is capable.

Altogether, we think "Ruddygore" likely to stay for some time, and if Miss Ulmar will only consent to leave a trifle less powder on Mr. Pounds' coat sleeves when retiring from the mimic embrace, the masses may be counted on to admire the production as long as it shall stay.

EXTREMELY COMFORTING.

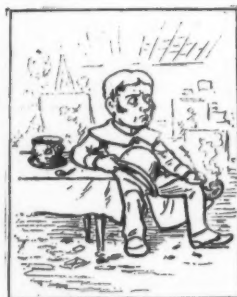
"A H! old boy; out again, eh! Well, I must say I never expected to see you again. Looking every day for your death in the papers. What's been the matter? Bright's disease? Eh! very deceptive thing. Can't tell, though. People do *sometimes* get well. *Very* seldom, though. Generally die just as they think they're convalescent. You look very bad. Good-bye!"

A SOCIETY PEBT.

BV indulging a penchant to bebt,
A "hossy" young man got in debt.
He owed such a sumb,
He was forced to succumb—
He is wearing his summer suit yebt!



Mistress: BRIDGET, I DON'T THINK IT IS PROPER FOR YOU TO ENTERTAIN MEN IN THE KITCHEN.
Bridget: YEZ BE ROIGHT, MUM, BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE IN THE PARLOR ALREADY.



Why should I yield to the dictates of a foolish popular prejudice in smoking cigars in the street, which I cannot afford, when I prefer a pipe. I will have moral courage!



I have moral courage, always thought I had. Every man should have moral courage. It is a noble attribute.



Here comes Miss Van Way-up and her mother. Moral courage is a good thing in its place.



Hope they did not see me smoking that confounded pipe. Don't think they did.

NO TROUBLE.

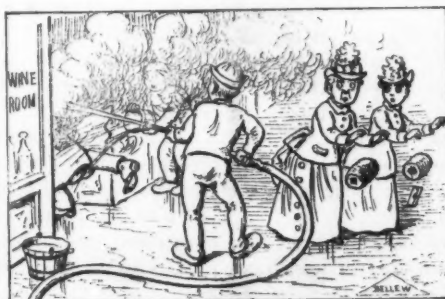
"DOCTOR, I hear that you have a very bad case to-day."

"What one is that?" asked the doctor.

"That boy that was kicked in the stomach by a mule."

"Oh! no trouble about that. It killed him right off!"

THE average woman is considered too delicate to shoulder a musket, but nobody questions her right to bare arms.



No, they did not; but they never quite understood it all.

SUFFOCATING YOUNG LADY IN THEATRE: I wouldn't come here again to hear—the *Angel Gabriel*!

HE: Wouldn't you? He'll make a very good play—the last trump.

THE Chinese of California are the queue-cumberers of the soil.

NO, John L. Sullivan never had any connection with the Boston Belting Company.



THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED.

THE little bridle mule in the nigh lead slipped on the icy pavement, and Mr. Bergh's best man was on the spot. "Take that mule and have him sharpened before you drive him another foot." "He is sharpened," said the driver, "rounder than a file. Look at them hind shoes—corks on 'em that 'ud wedge a hole through an ice-house."

The officer lifted a hoof to see, and straightway looked over the top of a four-story building. Buzzingly ran the word through the telephone: "One of your men has been nearly killed by a mule."

Tenderly back came the muffled order: "See if the mule is hurt, and if it is arrest the man."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

WE are told that California will produce this year 10,000,000 gallons of wine, one-seventh of which will be turned into brandy. The brandy will mostly be turned into high-priced politicians.—*San Francisco Hotel Gazette*.

WHEN Hobbs returned to his country home after his brief visit to the metropolis, he was asked if he saw many strange things in the city. "Wal," replied Hobbs, "I dunno. I seen a lot a curus things, that's a fact; but I guess, by the way them city folks stared at me, that I was about as big a curiosity as there was in the hull city."—*Boston Transcript*.

THE Salvation Army stopped in front of a saloon in East Portland and began singing "It is water we want, not beer," and the saloon-keeper turned the hose on them. And yet they were not happy. It is hard to please some people.—*Norristown Herald*.

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body-Brussels, at every repeat of the pattern. Look carefully to the trade-marks and be sure you get the genuine LOWELL carpets.

For nearly Half a Century
LOWELL CARPETS
Have been acknowledged to be the
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The grade has never been lowered, and the Company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.

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Lundborg's
Perfume
EDENIA.
Lundborg's
Rhenish Cologne.



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LADIES' ROUND HATS.

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promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.
7 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.

A ONE-LEGGED preacher in a Georgia town once upbraided a young man for carrying a gold-headed cane. "There are no gold-headed canes in heaven," said the man of God. "No; and there are no wooden-legged preachers there either," was the crushing rejoinder.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

In reference to the socialists leaving this land where liberty is alloyed with law, it may be said that they ought in common gratitude to stick to America, since so much of it sticks to them.—*San Francisco Hotel Gazette*.

WHY don't the wives of the workingmen strike? They work about eighteen hours a day and get nothing but their board. Perhaps they fear that their masters might bring in "scab" wives, and lower the price to half rations.—*Ex*.

THE Eastern socialists are becoming disgusted with this country and threaten to "shake the dust off their feet against America," and leave her unsympathizing shore forever. We hope that they will speedily execute the latter portion of this threat, but the former—Heaven forbid!—*Ex*.

Child at Washington: Who are all those men lounging around outside the Capitol?

Parent: They are United States senators, my child.

"Are there any more senators besides them?"

"Only one."

"Where is he?"

"He is inside making a speech."—*Omaha World*.

THE Emperor William of Germany is the tallest monarch, being just six feet. The defunct King of Bavaria was the "shortest," being in debt several million dollars.—*Norristown Herald*.

IN THE ALPS.

Guide: "If the ladies will only stop talking, your honor may hear the roaring of the waterfall across the valley."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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LADIES' TAILOR,
Habit Maker and Hatter,
19 East 21st Street, New York,
Also LONDON and NEWPORT,



SOLICITS an inspection from his Lady Patrons of his novelties for GOWNS, COATS, ULSTERS, etc., for the ensuing season, imported from the leading houses in Europe. Ladies who favor me with their patronage can be assured that my establishment will, as heretofore, sustain its reputation for taste, style, workmanship and perfect fit.

All mail orders promptly attended to. A perfect fit guaranteed without personal attendance.



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Straight Cut Cigarettes.

People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 100, 200, 500, and 1000. 14 Prize Medals.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.



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Ladies' Tailor.

SPRING SEASON, 1887.

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A large consignment of **New Cloths**, mainly from Styles and Colorings supplied by the Messrs. REDFERN, have just been received from the most eminent English and Scotch manufacturers.

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Ladies' Department, } New York.
No. 431 Fifth Avenue.

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THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF ORCHIDS.
MUNCZI LAJOS and P. Esterhazy's Orchestra.
Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
No Advance in Prices.

ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Every Night, 8.15.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"A popular triumph."—*Herald*.
"The senses charmed."—*Times*.
"Delight and astonishment."—*Commercial*.
MATINEES, SATURDAY AT 2.

"HERE, waiter; what kind of water is this?" said a guest at a country hotel down South. "Dat's spring watah, sah," replied the waiter, politely. "Oh, is it? Well, bring me some winter water. This is warm enough to wash a shirt in."—*Washington Critic*.

"WHAT is an *affair du cœur*, papa?" said the small boy who had been endeavoring to read the daily paper. "That must be a new name for a dog-fight," said the old gentleman, as he reached for the paper. —*Boston Bulletin*.

A MAN who imagined himself a telephone, and who has been trying for a year to shout "hello!" in his own ear, has been sent to an asylum at Flatbush, L. I.

"YES," remarked a Massachusetts man, with a cold in his head, "we will codfish-cape every Canadian vessel we cad ged our huds on."—*Washington Critic*.

SOME EXCELLENT COMPARISONS.

Somno—Lent—	The policeman.
Preva —Lent—	Poverty.
Si —Lent—	The Mugwump.
Re —Lent—	The usurer's money.
Succu —Lent—	English scandals.
Condo —Lent—	"I told you so."
Redo —Lent—	The Spring onion.
Truc(k)u—Lent—	The baggage-man.

—*Columbus Dispatch*.

IT IS A QUIET MOMENT.

THE "silence of the tomb" is a carnival of sound compared to the stillness reigning in a crowded street-car when the driver brings it to a standstill, twists the lever around the brake, pokes his head in at the door and says in deep tones: "Somebody hasn't paid their fare."—*Hartford Journal*.

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HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

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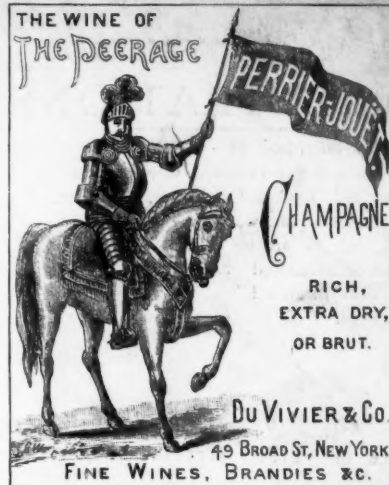




THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Aunt Rachel: WHY, BOY, HOW YOU DO SWEAR!

Boy (flattered): I DON'T SWEAR VERY GOOD; BUT I RECKON WHEN I GIT AS OLD AS MY DAD, AND HAS THE PRACTICE, I'LL BEAT HIM ALL HOLLER.



We often see the heading, "Shipping Intelligence," in the papers, and lately we have frequently wished that some could be shipped to the Indiana legislature. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

PUGILIST SULLIVAN denies that he drinks. Please don't doubt his word. Drink hardly expresses the vociferous and enthusiastic manner in which he goes at it. —Philadelphia Herald.

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"Do you have damp sheets?" said the fussy old man at the hotel, securing a room.

"No," said the clerk, who wanted to be obliging, "but we can sprinkle 'em for you if you like them that way." —Exchange.

THE Chicago woman's weapon is her mouth, but you never hear of her being arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. It can't be concealed. —Yonkers Statesman.



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People. Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "HOMESCHOOLS FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE," 16 East 14th St. and 118 8th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dwyer, Wm. Blaisie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it. "I never saw an, other I liked half as well."

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PAJAMAS AND

UNDERWEAR.

A SHOWER of mud fell at Lincoln Neb. recently a rain of terra, so to speak. —Pittsburg Chronicle.

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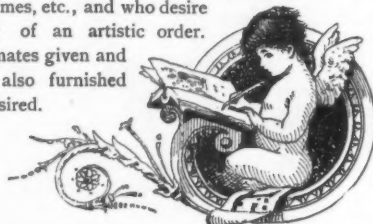
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THE 27th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE
Equitable Life Assurance Society
 OF THE UNITED STATES.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1886.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1ST, 1886. \$62,087,513.85

Income.

Premiums. \$16,272,154.62
 Interest, Rents, etc. 3,601,578.57 19,873,733.19
 \$81,961,247.04

Disbursements.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments. \$5,121,473.01
 Dividends, Surrender Values and Annuities. 3,017,113.28
 Discounted Endowments. 198,020.71
Total paid Policy-holders. \$8,336,607.90
 Dividend on Capital. 7,000.00
 Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange. 1,946,046.69
 General Expenses. 1,705,931.98
 State, County and City Taxes. 169,400.17 11,764,986.74

NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31, 1886. \$70,196,260.30

Assets.

Bonds and Mortgages. \$19,881,470.94
 New York Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure. 10,406,394.10
 United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments. 26,568,537.31
 Loans Secured by Bonds and Stocks Market Value, \$1,876,937. 1,392,606.00
 Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure, and Society's Buildings in other cities. 6,021,831.22
 Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest, and in transit (since received). 5,855,390.07
 Due from Agents on account of Premiums. 70,030.66 \$70,196,260.30
 Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over book value. 2,894,052.14
 Interest and Rents due and accrued. 640,387.32
 Premiums due and in process of collection (less premiums paid in advance, \$51,446). 334,135.00
 Deferred Premiums. 1,445,638.00

Total Assets, December 31, 1886. \$75,510,472.76

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. McCALL, Jr., Comptroller.

TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal Reserve on all existing policies (4 per cent. Standard) \$59,154,597.00

Total Undivided Surplus, over 4 per cent. Reserve \$16,355,875.76

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is. \$5,728,761.76

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is. 10,627,114.00

(On New York Standard of 4½ per cent. interest. Surplus is, as computed \$20,495,175.76)

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, } Actuaries.
 J. G. VAN CISE, }

New Assurance written in 1886. \$111,540,203

Total Outstanding Assurance 411,779,098

Increase of Premium Income \$2,810,475.40

Increase of Surplus (Four per cent. basis) 2,493,636.63

Increase of Assets. 8,957,085.26

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I have had a Ringworm Humor, got at the barber's, for six years, which spread all over my ears, face and neck, and which itched and irritated me a great deal. I have used many remedies, by advice of physicians, without benefit. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES have entirely cured me, taking every bit of humor off my face and leaving it as smooth as a dollar. I thank you again for the help it has been to me.

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